



















# THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

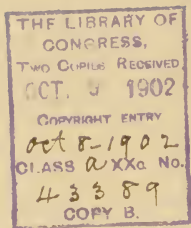
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RILEY

*Illustrated by*  
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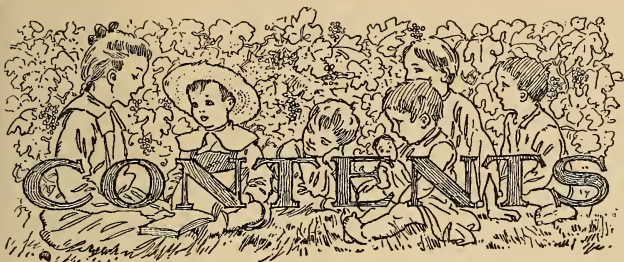
THE DEVINNE PRESS

GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY  
INSCRIBED  
TO  
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

*You who to the rounded prime  
Of a life of toil and stress,  
Still have kept the morning-time  
Of glad youth in heart and spirit,  
So your laugh, as children hear it,  
Seems their own, no less,—  
Take this book of childish rhyme—  
The Book of Joyous Children.*

*Their first happiness on earth  
Here is echoed — their first glee :  
Rich, in sooth, the volume's worth —  
Not in classic lore, but rich in  
The child-sagas of the kitchen ;—  
Therefore, take from me  
To your heart of childish mirth  
The Book of Joyous Children.*





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THE BOOK OF  
JOYOUS CHILDREN





## THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

BOUND and bordered in leaf-green,  
Edged with trellised buds and flowers  
And glad Summer-gold, with clean  
White and purple morning-glories  
Such as suit the songs and stories  
Of this book of ours,  
Unrevised in text or scene,—  
The Book of Joyous Children.

Wild and breathless in their glee—  
Lawless rangers of all ways  
Winding through lush greenery  
Of Elysian vales—the viny,  
Bowery groves of shady, shiny  
Haunts of childish days.  
Spread and read again with me  
The Book of Joyous Children.

## THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

What a whirl of wings, and what  
Sudden drench of dews upon  
The young brows, wreathed, all unsought,  
With the apple-blossom garlands  
Of the poets of those far lands  
Whence all dreams are drawn  
Set herein and soiling not  
The Book of Joyous Children.

In their blithe companionship  
Taste again, these pages through,  
The hot honey on your lip  
Of the sun-smit wild strawberry,  
Or the chill tart of the cherry ;  
Kneel, all glowing, to  
The cool spring, and with it sip  
The Book of Joyous Children.

As their laughter needs no rule,  
So accept their language, pray.—  
Touch it not with any tool :  
Surely we may understand it,—  
As the heart has parsed or scanned it  
Is a worthy way,  
Though found not in any School  
The Book of Joyous Children.



"KNEEL, ALL GLOWING, TO  
THE COOL SPRING."



## THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

Be a truant—know no place

Of prison under heaven's rim !

Front the Father's smiling face—

Smiling, that *you* smile the brighter

For the heavy hearts made lighter,

Since you smile with Him.

Take—and thank Him for His grace—

The Book of Joyous Children.

## AN IMPROMPTU FAIRY-TALE



*WHEN I wuz ist a little bit  
o' weenty-teenty kid  
I maked up a Fairy-tale,  
all by myse'f, I did:—*

### I

Wunst upon a time wunst  
They wuz a Fairy King,  
An' ever'thing he have wuz  
*gold—*

His clo'es, an' *ever'thing* !  
An' all the other Fairies  
In his goldun Palace-hall  
Had to hump an' hustle—  
'Cause he wuz bosst of all !

### II

He have a goldun trumput,  
An' when he blow' on  
that,  
It 's a sign he want' his  
boots,  
Er his coat er hat :

## AN IMPROMPTU FAIRY-TALE

They 's a sign fer ever'thing,—  
An' all the Fairies knowed  
Ever' sign, an' come a-hoppin'  
When the King blowed !



### III

Wunst he blowed an' telled  
'em all :

“Saddle up yer bees—  
Fireflies is gittin' fat

An' sassy as you please !—  
Guess we 'll go a-huntin' !”

So they hunt' a little bit,  
Till the King blowed “Sup  
per-time,”  
Nen they all quit.



### IV

Nen they have a Banquet  
In the Palace-hall,

An' ist et ! an' et ! an' et !

Nen they have a *Ball* ;  
An' when the *Queen* o' Fairyland  
Come p'omenadin' through,  
The King says an' halts her,—  
“Guess I 'll marry you !”



## DREAM-MARCH

WAS N'T it a funny dream!—perfectly bewild'rin'!—

Last night, and night before, and night before that,  
Seemed like I saw the march o' regiments o' children,  
Marching to the robin's fife and cricket's rat-ta-tat!



Lily-banners overhead, with the dew  
upon 'em,

On flashed the little army, as with  
sword and flame;

Like the buzz o' bumble-wings, with  
the honey on 'em,

Came an eerie, cheery chant, chim-  
ing as it came:—

*Where go the children? Travelling!*

*Travelling!*

*Where go the children, travel-  
ling ahead?*

*Some go to kindergarten; some go  
to day-school;*

*Some go to night-school; and  
some go to bed!*





## DREAM-MARCH

Smooth roads or rough roads,  
warm or winter weather,  
On go the children, tow-head  
and brown,  
Brave boys and brave girls, rank  
and file together,  
Marching out of Morning-Land,



over dale and down :

Some go a-gypsying out in coun-  
try places—

Out through the orchards, with  
blossoms on the boughs

Wild, sweet, and pink and white  
as their own glad faces ;

And some go, at evening, call-  
ing home the cows.



*Where go the children? Travel-  
ling! Travelling!*

*Where go the children, travel-  
ling ahead?*

*Some go to foreign wars, and  
camps by the firelight—*

*Some go to glory so; and some  
go to bed!*

Some go through grassy lanes  
leading to the city—



## DREAM-MARCH



Thinner grow the green trees  
and thicker grows the dust ;  
Ever, though, to little people  
any path is pretty  
So it leads to newer lands, as  
they know it must.  
Some go to singing less ; some  
go to list'ning ;  
Some go to thinking over ever-  
nobler themes ;  
Some go anhungered, but ever  
bravely whistling,  
Turning never home again only in their dreams.

*Where go the children? Travel-  
ling! Travelling!  
Where go the children, travelling  
ahead?*

*Some go to conquer things ; some  
go to try them ;  
Some go to dream them ; and  
some go to bed !*





AWF'LEST boy in this-here town  
Er anywheres is Elmer Brown !  
He 'll mock you—yes, an' strangers, too,  
An' make a face an' yell at you,—  
    *"Here 's the way you look !"*



Yes, an' wunst in School one day,  
An' Teacher 's lookin' wite that way,  
He helt his slate, an' hide his head,  
An' maked a face at *her*, an' said,—  
    *"Here 's the way you look !"*



An'-sir ! when Rosie Wheeler smile  
One morning at him 'crosst the aisle,  
He twist his face all up, an' black  
His nose wiv ink, an' whisper back,—  
    *"Here 's the way you look !"*



Wunst when his Aunt 's all dressed to call,  
An' kiss him good-bye in the hall,  
An' latch the gate an' start away,  
He holler out to her an' say,—  
    *"Here 's the way you look !"*



## ELMER BROWN



An' when his Pa he read out loud  
The speech he maked, an' feel so proud  
It 's in the paper—Elmer's Ma  
She ketched him—wite behind his Pa,—  
“*Here 's the way you look !*”

Nen when his Ma she slip an' take  
Him in the other room an' shake  
Him good ! w'y, he don't care—no-sir !—  
He ist look up an' laugh at her,—  
“*Here 's the way you look !*”



## NO BOY KNOWS

THERE are many things that boys may know—  
Why this and that are thus and so,—  
Who made the world in the dark and lit  
The great sun up to lighten it :  
Boys know new things every day—  
When they study, or when they play,—  
When they idle, or sow and reap—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen—or should, at least,—  
May know that the round old earth rolls East ;—  
And know that the ice and the snow and the rain—  
Ever repeating their parts again—  
Are all just water the sunbeams first  
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,  
And pour again till the low streams leap.—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long glad while  
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,

## NO BOY KNOWS

When forth he fared in the realm divine  
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine ;—  
He may know each call of his truant mates,  
And the paths they went,—and the pasture-gates  
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep.—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

O I have followed me, o'er and o'er,  
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-floor,  
To the pleading voice of the mother when  
I even doubted I heard it then—  
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,  
And dewy odors of locust-bloom—  
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheep.—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.



## WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

WAS N'T it a good time,  
    Long Time Ago—  
When we all were little tads  
    And first played "Show"!—  
When every newer day  
    Wore as bright a glow  
As the ones we laughed away—  
    Long Time Ago!

Calf was in the back-lot;  
    Clover in the red;  
Bluebird in the pear-tree;  
    Pigeons on the shed;  
Tom a-chargin' twenty pins  
    At the barn; and Dan  
Spraddled out just like "The  
    'Injarubber'-Man!"

Me and Bub and Rusty,  
    Eck and Dunk and Sid,  
'Tumblin' on the sawdust  
    Like the A-rabs did;

## WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

Jamesy on the slack-rope  
In a wild retreat,  
Grappling back, to start again—  
When he chalked his feet!

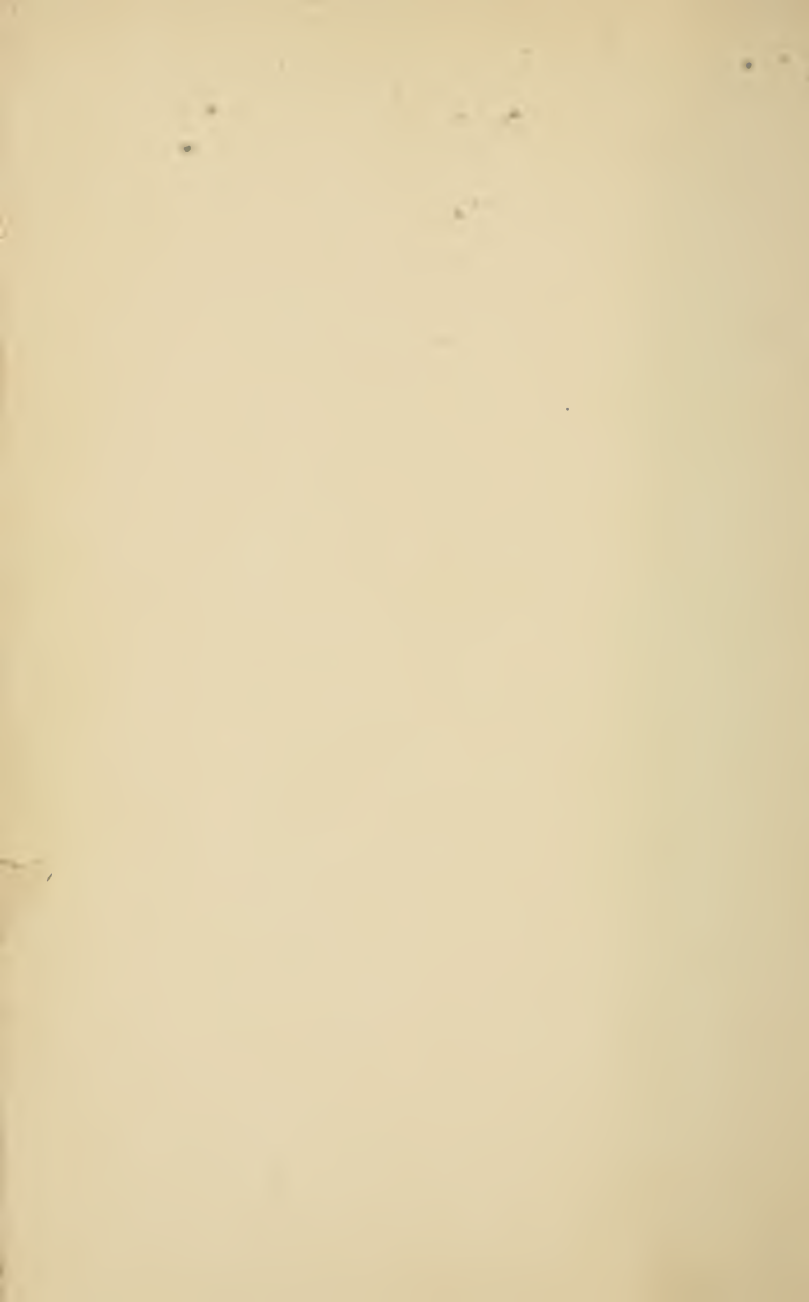


Was n't Eck a wonder,  
In his stocking-tights?





"JAMESY ON THE SLACK-ROPE."



## WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

Was n't Dunk—his leaping lion—  
Chief of all delights?  
Yes, and was n't "Little Mack"  
Boss of all the Show,—  
Both Old Clown and Candy-Butcher—  
Long Time Ago !

Sid the Bareback-Rider ;  
And—oh-me-oh-*my* !—  
Bub, the spruce Ring-master,  
Stepping round so spry !—  
In his little waist-and-trousers  
All made in one,  
Was there a prouder youngster  
Under the sun !

And now—who will tell me,—  
Where are they all ?  
Dunk 's a sanatorium doctor,  
Up at Waterfall ;  
Sid 's a city street-contractor ;  
Tom has fifty clerks ;  
And Jamesy he 's the "Iron Magnate"  
Of "The Hecla Works."

And Bub 's old and bald now,  
Yet still he hangs on,—

## WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

Dan and Eck and "Little Mack,"

Long, long gone!

But was n't it a good time,

Long Time Ago—

When we all were little tads

And first played "Show"! .

## A DIVERTED TRAGEDY

GRACIE wuz allus a *careless* tot ;  
But Gracie dearly loved her doll,  
An' played wiv it on the winder-sill  
'Way up-stairs, when she  
ought to *not*,  
An' her muvver *telled*  
her so an' all ;  
But she won't *mind*  
what *she* say—till,  
First thing she know,  
her dolly fall



Clean spang out o' the winder  
plumb  
Into the street ! An' here Grace  
come  
Down-stairs, two at a time, ist  
wild  
An' a-screamin', "Oh, my child !  
my child !"

Jule wuz a-bringin' their basket  
o' clo'es

Ist then into their hall down there,—

## A DIVERTED TRAGEDY

An' she ist stop' when Gracie bawl,  
An' Jule she say "She ist declare  
She 's ist in time !" An' what you s'pose ?  
She sets her basket down in the hall,  
An' wite on top o' the snowy clo'es  
Wuz Gracie's dolly a-layin' there  
An' ist ain't bu'st ner hurt a-tall !



Nen Gracie smiled—ist *sobbed* an' smiled—  
An' cried, "My child ! my precious child !"

## THE RAMBO-TREE

WHEN Autumn shakes the rambo-tree—

It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard !—  
The bird sings low as the bumble-bee—

It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard !—  
The poor shote-pig he says, says he :  
“When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree  
There 's enough for you and enough for me.”—  
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard.

*For just two truant lads like we,  
When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree  
There 's enough for you and enough for me—  
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard.*

When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree—  
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard !—  
The mole digs out to peep and see—  
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard !—  
The dusk sags down, and the moon swings free,  
There 's a far, lorn call, “Pig-gee ! Pig-gee !”  
And two boys—glad enough for three.—  
It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard.

## THE RAMBO-TREE

*For just two truant lads like we,*

*When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree*

*There 's enough for you and enough for me—*

*It 's a long, sweet way across the orchard.*





"ACROSS THE ORCHARD."



## FIND THE FAVORITE

OUR three cats is Maltese cats,  
An' they 's two that 's white,—  
An' bofe of 'em 's *deef*—an' that 's  
'Cause their *eyes* ain't right.—



Uncle say that *Huxley* say  
Eyes of *white* Maltese—  
When they don't match thataway—  
They 're *deef* as you please!

## FIND THE FAVORITE

*Girls, they* like our white cats best,  
'Cause they 're white as snow,  
Yes, an' look the stylishest—  
But they 're deaf, you know !

They don't know their names, an' don't  
Hear us when we call  
"Come in, Nick an' Finn !"—they won't  
Come fer us at all !

But our *other* cat, *he* knows  
Mister Nick an' Finn,—  
Mowg 's *his* name,—an' when *he* goes  
Fer 'em, they come in !

Mowgli 's *all* his name—the same  
Me an' Muvver took  
Like the Wolf-Child's *other* name,  
In "The Jungul Book."

I bet Mowg 's the smartest cat  
In the world !—*He* 's not  
*White*, but mousy-plush, with that  
Smoky gloss he 's got !

All 's got little bells to ring,  
Round their neck ; but none

## FIND THE FAVORITE

Only Mowg *knows* anything—  
He 's the only one !

I ist 'spect sometimes he hate  
White cats' stupid ways :—  
He won't hardly 'sociate  
With 'em, lots o' days !

Mowg wants in where *we* air,—well,  
He 'll ist take his paw  
An' ist ring an' ring his bell  
There till me er Ma

Er *somebody* lets him in  
Nen an' shuts the door.—  
An', when he wants out ag'in,  
Nen he 'll ring some more.

Ort to hear our Katy tell !  
She sleeps 'way up-stairs ;  
An' last night she hear Mowg's bell  
Ringin' round *somewheres*. . . .

Trees grows by her winder.—So,  
She lean out an' see  
Mowg up there, 'way out, you know,  
In the clingstone-tree ;—

## FIND THE FAVORITE

An'-sir ! he ist *hint* an' *ring*,—  
Till she ketch an' plat  
Them limbs ;—nen he crawl an' spring  
In where Katy 's at !



## THE BOY PATRIOT

I WANT to be a Soldier !—

A Soldier !—

A Soldier !—

I want to be a Soldier, with a sabre in my hand  
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,  
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the  
band ;

I want to hear, high overhead, The Old Flag flap her  
wings

While all the Army, following, in chorus cheers and  
sings ;

I want to hear the tramp and jar  
Of patriots a million,  
As gayly dancing off to war  
As dancing a cotillion.

*I want to be a Soldier !—*

*A Soldier !—*

*A Soldier !—*

*I want to be a Soldier, with a sabre in my hand  
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,  
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the band.*

## THE BOY PATRIOT

I want to see the battle !—

The battle !—

The battle !—

I want to see the battle, and be in it to the end ;—

I want to hear the cannon clear their throats and  
catch the prattle

Of all the pretty compliments the enemy can send !—

And then I know my wits will go,—and where I  
*should n't* be—

Well, there 's the spot, in any fight, that you may  
search for me.

So, when our foes have had their fill,

Though I 'm among the dying,

To see The Old Flag flying still,

I 'll laugh to leave her flying !

*I want to be a Soldier !—*

*A Soldier !—*

*A Soldier !—*

*I want to be a Soldier, with a sabre in my hand*

*Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,*

*Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the band.*





"A BIG, HOLLOW, OLD OAK-TREE, WHICH HAD  
BEEN BLOWN DOWN BY A STORM."



## EXTREMES

### I

A LITTLE boy once  
played so loud  
That the Thunder, up in  
a thunder-cloud,  
Said, "Since *I* can't be  
heard, why, then



I 'll never, never thunder  
again !”

### II

And a little girl once kept  
so still  
That she heard a fly on the  
window-sill  
Whisper and say to a lady-  
bird,—  
“She ’s the stilliest child I  
ever heard !”



## INTELLECTUAL LIMITATIONS

PARUNTS knows lots more than us,  
But they don't know *all* things,—  
'Cause we ketch 'em, lots o' times,  
Even on little small things.

One time Winnie ask' her Ma,  
At the winder, sewin',  
What 's the wind a-doin' when  
It 's a-not a-blowin' ?

Yes, an' 'Del', that very day,  
When we 're nearly froze out,  
He ask' Uncle *where* it goes  
When the fire goes out ?

Nen *I* run to ask my Pa,  
That way, somepin' funny ;  
But I can't say ist but "Say,"  
When he turn to me an' say,  
"Well, what is it, Honey ?"



“WHERE IT GOES  
WHEN THE FIRE GOES OUT?”



## A MASQUE OF THE SEASONS

SCENE.—*A kitchen.—Group of Children, popping corn.—The Fairy Queen of the Seasons discovered in the smoke of the corn-popper.—Waving her wand, and, with eerie, sharp, imperious ejaculations, addressing the bespelled auditors, who neither see nor hear her nor suspect her presence.*

QUEEN

SUMMER or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE JASPER

When I 'm dressed warm as warm can be,  
And with boots, to go  
Through the deepest snow,  
Winter-time is the time for me!

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

## A MASQUE OF THE SEASONS

LITTLE MILDRED

I like blossoms, and birds that sing ;  
The grass and the dew,  
And the sunshine, too,—  
So, best of all I like the Spring.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all ?

LITTLE MANDEVILLE

O little friends, I most rejoice  
When I hear the drums  
As the Circus comes,—  
So Summer-time 's my special choice.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all ?

LITTLE EDITH

Apples of ruby, and pears of gold,  
And grapes of blue  
That the bee stings through.—  
Fall—it is all that my heart can hold !





"THE FAIRY QUEEN OF THE SEASONS."



## A MASQUE OF THE SEASONS

### QUEEN

Soh ! my lovelings and pretty dears,  
You 've *each* a favorite, it appears,—  
Summer and Winter and Spring and Fall.—  
That 's the reason I send them *all* !

## THOMAS THE PRETENDER

TOMMY 's alluz playin' jokes,  
An' actin' up, an' foolin' folks ;  
An' wunst one time he creep  
In Pa's big chair, he did, one night,  
An' squint an' shut his eyes bofe tight,

An' say, "Now I 'm  
asleep."

An' nen we knowed, an' Ma  
know' too,

He *ain't* asleep no more 'n  
you !

An' wunst he clumbed on  
our back-fence

An' flop his arms an' nen  
commence

To crow, like he's a hen ;  
But when he falled off, like  
he done,

He did n't fool us childern  
none,

Ner did n't *crow* again.

An' our Hired Man, as he come by,  
Says, "Tom can't *crow*, but he kin *cry*."





“‘PORE PA! PORE PA!’”



## THOMAS THE PRETENDER

An' one time wunst Tom 'tend'-like he 's  
His Pa an' goin' to rob the bees ;

An', first he know—oh, dear !

They ist come swarmin' out o' there

An' sting him, an' stick in his hair—

An' one got in his yeer !—

An' Uncle sigh an' say to Ma,

An' grease the welts, “Pore Pa ! pore Pa !”

## LITTLE DICK AND THE CLOCK

WHEN Dicky was sick .

In the night, and the clock,  
As he listened, said "Tick-

Atty—tick-atty—tock !"

He said that *it* said,

Every time it said "Tick,"  
It said "Sick," instead,

And he *heard* it say "Sick !"  
And when it said "Tick-

Atty—tick-atty—tock,"  
He said it said "Sick-

Atty—sick-atty—sock !"  
And he tried to *see* then,

But the light was too dim,  
Yet he *heard* it again—

And 't was *talking* to him !

And then it said "Sick-

Atty—sick-atty—sick !  
You poor little Dick-

Atty—Dick-atty—Dick !—  
Have you got the hick-

Atties? Hi ! send for Doe



## LITTLE DICK AND THE CLOCK

To hurry up quick-  
Atty—quick-atty—quock,  
And heat a hot brick-  
Atty—brick-atty—brock,



And rikle-ty wrap it  
And clickle-ty clap it  
Against his cold feet-  
Al-ty—weep-aty—eepty—  
*There* he goes, slapit-  
Ty—slippaty—sleepaty !”

## FOOL-YOUNGENS

ME an' Bert an' Minnie-Belle  
Knows a joke, an' we won't tell !  
No, we don't—'cause we don't know  
*Why* we got to laughin' so ;  
But we got to laughin' so,  
We ist kep' a-laughin'.

Wind wuz blowin' in the tree—  
An' wuz only ist us three  
Playin' there ; an' ever' one  
Ketched each other, like we done,  
Squintin' up there at the sun  
Like we wuz a-laughin'.

Nothin' funny anyway ;  
But I laughed, an' so did they—  
An' we all three laughed, an' nen  
Squint' our eyes an' laugh' again :  
Ner we did n't ist *p'ten'*—  
We wuz *shore-'nough* laughin'.



“SQUINT’ OUR EYES AN’ LAUGH’ AGAIN.”



## FOOL-YOUNGENS

We ist laugh' an' laugh', tel Bert  
Say he *can't* quit an' it hurt.  
Nen I *howl*, an' Minnie-Belle  
She tear up the grass a spell  
An' ist stop her yeers an' *yell*  
Like she 'd *die* a-laughin'.

Never sich fool-youngens yit!  
Nothin' funny,—not a bit!—  
But we laugh' so, tel we whoop'  
Purt'-nigh like we have the croup—  
All so hoarse we 'd wheeze an' whoop  
An' ist *choke* a-laughin'.

## THE KATYDIDS

SOMETIMES I keep  
From going to sleep,  
To hear the katydids “cheep-cheep !”  
And think they say  
Their prayers that way ;  
But *katydids* don't have to *pray* !



I listen when  
They cheep again ;  
And so, I think, they 're  
*singing* then !  
But, no ; I 'm wrong,—  
The sound 's too long  
And all-alike to be a  
song !

I think, “Well, there !  
I do declare,  
If it is neither song nor  
prayer,  
It 's *talk*—and quite  
Too vain and light  
For me to listen to all  
night !”

## THE KATYDIDS

And so, I smile,  
And think,—“Now I ’ll  
Not listen for a little while!”—  
Then, sweet and clear,  
Next “*cheep*” I hear  
’S a *kiss*. . . . Good morning, Mommy dear !



## BILLY AND HIS DRUM

Ho ! it 's come, kids, come !  
With a bim ! bam ! bum !  
Here 's little Billy bangin' on his  
big bass drum !  
He 's a-marchin' round the room,  
With his feather-duster plume  
A-noddin' an' a-bobbin' with his  
bim ! bom ! boom !

Looky, little Jane an' Jim !  
Will you only look at him,  
A-humpin' an' a-thumpin' with his  
bam ! bom ! bim !  
Has the Day o' Judgment come  
Er the New Mi-len-nee-um ?  
Er is it only Billy with his  
bim ! bam ! bum !





"HE 'S A-MARCHIN' ROUND THE ROOM."



## BILLY AND HIS DRUM

I 'm a-comin' ; yes, I am—

Jim an' Sis, an' Jane an' Sam !

We 'll all march off with Billy an' his

bom ! bim ! bam !

Come hurrawin' as you come,

Er they 'll think you 're deaf-an'-dumb

Ef you don't hear little Billy an' his

big bass drum !

## THE NOBLE OLD ELM

O BIG OLD TREE, so tall an' fine,  
Where all us childern swings an' plays,  
Though neighbors says you 're on the line  
Between Pa's house an' Mr. Gray's,—  
Us childern used to almost fuss,  
Old Tree, about you when we 'd play.—  
We 'd argy you belonged to *us*,  
An' them Gray-kids the other way !

Till *Elsie*, one time *she* wuz here  
An' playin' wiv us—Don't you mind,  
Old Mister Tree?—an' purty near  
She scolded us the hardest kind  
Fer quar'llin' 'bout you thataway,  
An' say *she* 'll find—ef we 'll keep still—  
Whose tree you air *fer shore*, she say,  
An' settle it *fer good*, she will !



"THE OLD TREE SAYS HE 'S ALL OUR TREE."



## THE NOBLE OLD ELM

So all keep still : An' nen she gone  
An' pat the Old Tree, an' says she,—  
“Whose air you, Tree?” an' nen let on  
Like she 's a-list'nin' to the Tree,—  
An' nen she say, “It 's settled,—'cause  
The Old Tree says he 's *all* our tree—  
His *trunk* belongs to bofe your Pas,  
But *shade* belongs to you an' me.”

## THE PENALTY OF GENIUS

WHEN little 'Pollus Morton he 's  
A-go' to speak a piece, w'y, nen





## THE PENALTY OF GENIUS

The Teacher smiles an' says 'at she 's

Most proud, of all her little men  
An' women in her school—'cause 'Poll  
He allus speaks the best of all.

An' nen she 'll pat him on the cheek,

An' hold her finger up at you  
*Before* he speak' ; an' *when* he speak'

It 's ist some piece *she* learn' him to !  
'Cause he 's her favor-ite. . . . An' she  
Ain't pop'lar as she *ust* to be !

When 'Pollus Morton speaks, w'y, nen

Ist all the other childern knows  
They 're smart as him an' smart-again !—

Ef they *can't* speak an' got fine clo'es,  
Their Parunts loves 'em more 'n 'Poll-  
Us Morton, Teacher, speech, an' all !

## EVENSONG

LAY away the story,—  
    Though the theme is sweet,  
There 's a lack of something yet,  
    Leaves it incomplete :—  
There 's a nameless yearning—  
    Strangely undefined—  
For a story sweeter still  
    Than the written kind.

Therefore read no longer—  
    I 've no heart to hear  
But just something you make up,  
    O my mother dear.—  
With your arms around me,  
    Hold me, folded-eyed,—  
Only let your voice go on—  
    I 'll be satisfied.



“THEREFORE READ NO LONGER.”





“ IGO AND AGO ”

WE 'RE The Twins from Aunt Marinn's,  
Igo and Ago.

When Dad comes, the show begins !—  
Iram, coram, dago.

Dad he says he named us two  
Igo and Ago  
For a poem he always knew,  
Iram, coram, dago.

*Then* he was a braw Scotchman—  
Igo and Ago.—  
*Now* he 's Scotch-Amer-i-can.  
Iram, coram, dago.

“Hey !” he cries, and pats his knee,  
“Igo and Ago,  
My twin bairnies, ride wi' me—  
Iram, coram, dago !”

## THE TWINS



“Here,” he laughs, “ye ’ve each a leg,  
Igo and Ago,  
Gleg as Tam O’Shanter’s ‘Meg’!  
Iram, coram, dago!”

## THE TWINS

Then we mount, with shrieks of mirth—

Igo and Ago,—

The two gladdest twins on earth !

Iram, coram, dago.

Wade and Silas-Walker cry,—

“Igo and Ago—

Annie ’s kissin’ ’em ‘good-bye’ !”—

Iram, coram, dago.

Aunty waves us fond farewells.—

“Igo and Ago,”

Granny pipes, “tak care yersels !”

Iram, coram, dago.

## THE LITTLE LADY

O THE LITTLE LADY 's dainty  
As the picture in a book,  
And her hands are creamy-whiter  
Than the water-lilies look ;  
Her laugh 's the undrown'd music  
Of the maddest meadow-brook.—  
Yet all in vain I praise The Little Lady !  
  
Her eyes are blue and dewy  
As the glimmering Summer-dawn,—  
Her face is like the eglantine  
Before the dew is gone ;  
And were that honied mouth of hers  
A bee's to feast upon,  
He 'd be a bee bewildered, Little Lady !  
  
Her brow makes light look sallow ;  
And the sunshine, I declare,  
Is but a yellow jealousy  
Awakened by her hair—  
For O the dazzling glint of it  
Nor sight nor soul can bear,—  
So Love goes groping for The Little Lady.





"SHE 'S BUT A RACING SCHOOL-GIRL."



## THE LITTLE LADY

And yet she 's neither Nymph nor Fay,  
Nor yet of Angelkind :—  
She 's but a racing school-girl, with  
Her hair blown out behind  
And tremblingly unbraided by  
The fingers of the Wind,  
As it wildly swoops upon The Little Lady.

## “COMPANY MANNERS”

WHEN Bess gave her Dollies a Tea, said she,—  
“It ’s unpolite, when they ’s Company,  
To say you ’ve drank *two* cups, you see,—  
But say you ’ve drank *a couple* of tea.”



## IN FERVENT PRAISE OF PICNICS



PICNICS is fun 'at 's purty hard  
to beat.

I purt'-nigh ruther go to them  
than *eat*.

I purt'-nigh ruther go  
to them than go



With our *Charlotty* to the Trick-  
Dog Show.

## THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE

WHEN we hear Uncle Sidney tell  
About the long-ago  
An' old, old friends he loved so well  
When *he* was young—My-oh !—  
Us childern all wish *we* 'd 'a' bin  
A-livin' then with Uncle,—so  
We could a-kindo' happened in  
On them old friends he used to know !—  
The good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know !

They was God's people, Uncle says,  
An' gloried in His name,  
An' worked, without no selfishness,  
An' loved their neighbors same  
As they was kin : An' when they biled  
Their tree-molasses, in the Spring,  
Er butchered in the Fall, they smiled  
An' sheered with all jist ever'thing !—



"THEY WAS GOD'S PEOPLE."





## THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE

The good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know !

He tells about 'em, lots o' times,  
Till we 'd all ruther hear  
About 'em than the Nurs'ry Rhymes  
Er Fairies—mighty near !—  
Only sometimes he stops so long  
An' then talks on so low an' slow,  
It 's purt'-nigh sad as any song  
To listen to him talkin' so  
Of the good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know !

## THE BEST TIMES



*WHEN Old Folks they wuz young  
like us  
An' little as you an' me,—*



*Them wuz the best times  
ever wuz  
Er ever goin' to be!*



"THEM WUZ THE BEST TIMES EVER WUZ."



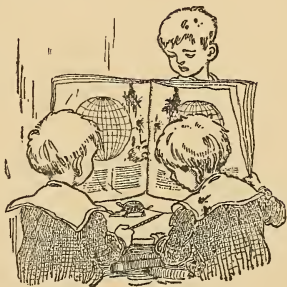
## “HIK-TEE-DIK!”

### THE WAR-CRY OF BILLY AND BUDDY

WHEN two little boys—renowned but for noise—  
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!—

May hurt a whole school,  
and the head it employs,  
Hik-tee-dik! Billy and  
Buddy!

Such loud and hilarious  
pupils indeed  
Need learning—and yet  
something further they  
need,



Though fond hearts that love them may sorrow and  
bleed.

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

O the schoolmarm was cool, and in no wise a fool;

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

And in ruling her ranks it was *her* rule to *rule*;

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

“HIK-TEE-DIK!”

So when these two pupils conspired, every day,  
Some mad piece of mischief, with whoop and hoo-ray,  
That hurt yet defied her,—how happy were they!—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

At the ring of the bell they 'd rush in with a yell—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

And they'd bang the school-door till the plastering fell,

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

They 'd clinch as they came, and pretend not to see  
As they knocked her desk over—then, *My!* and *O-me!*  
How awfully sorry they 'd both seem to be!

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!



“HIK-TEE-DIK!”

This trick seemed so neat and so safe a conceit,—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!—

They played it three  
times — though  
the third they  
were beat;

Hik-tee-dik! Bil-  
ly and Bud-  
dy!

For the teacher, she  
righted her desk  
—raised the lid  
And folded and  
packed away  
each little kid—

Closed the incident

so—yes, and locked it, she did—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!



## A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

PA he bringed me here to stay  
    'Til my Ma she 's well.—An' nen  
He 's go' hitch up, Chris'mus-day,  
    An' come take me back again  
Wher' my Ma 's at! Won't I be  
Tickled when he comes fer me!

My Ma an' my A'nty they  
    'Uz each-uvver's sisters. Pa—  
A'nty telled me, th' other day,—  
    He comed here an' married Ma. . . .  
A'nty said nen, "Go run play,  
    I must work now!" . . . An' I saw,  
When she turn' her face away,  
    She 'uz cryin'.—An' nen I  
    'Tend-like I "run play"—an' cry.

This-here house o' A'nty's wher'  
They 'uz borned—my Ma an' her!—  
An' her Ma 'uz my Ma's Ma,  
An' her Pa 'uz my Ma's Pa—





"HE'S GO' HITCH UP, CHRIS'MUS-DAY,  
AN' COME TAKE ME BACK AGAIN."



## A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

Ain't that funny?—An' they 're dead :  
An' this-here 's "th' ole Homestead."—  
An' my A'nty said, an' cried,  
It 's mine, too, ef my Ma died—  
Don't know what she mean—'cause my  
Ma she 's nuvver go' to die !



## A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

When Pa bringed me here 't 'uz night—

'Way dark night! An' A'nty spread

Me a piece—an' light the light

An' say I must go to bed.—

I cry not to—but Pa said,

“Be good boy now, like you  
telled

Mommy 'at you 're go' to  
be!”

An', when he 'uz kissin' me

My good night, his cheeks'  
all wet

An' taste salty.—An' he held

Wite close to me an' rocked some

An' laughed-like—'til A'nty come

Git me while he 's rockin' yet.

A'nty he'p me, 'til I be

Purt'-nigh strip-pud—nen hug me

In bofe arms an' lif' me 'way

Up in her high bed—an' pray

Wiv me,—'bout my Ma—an' Pa—

An' ole Santy Claus—an' Sleigh—

An' Reindeers an' little Drum—

Yes, an' Picture-books, “Tom Thumb,”

An' “Three Bears,” an' ole “Fee-Faw”—



## A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

Yes, an' "Tweedle-Dee" an' "Dum,"  
An' "White Knight" an' "Squidjicum,"  
An' most things you ever saw !—  
An' when A'nty kissed me, she  
'Uz all cryin' over me !

Don't want Santy Claus—ner things  
Any kind he ever brings !—  
Don't want A'nty !—Don't want Pa !—  
I ist only want my Ma !

## “OLD BOB WHITE”

OLD Bob White 's a funny bird !—  
Funniest you ever heard !—

Hear him whistle,—“Old—Bob— *White* !”  
You can hear him, clean from where  
He 's 'way 'crosst the wheat-field there,  
Whistlin' like he did n't care—  
“Old—Bob— *White* !”





"WHEN WE DROVE TO HARMONY."





## “OLD BOB WHITE”

Whistles alluz ist the same—

So 's we won't fergit his name!—

Hear him say it?—“Old—Bob—*White!*”

*There!* he 's whizzed off down the lane—

Gone back where his folks is stayin'—

Hear him?—There he goes again,—

“Old—Bob—*White!*”

When boys ever tries to git

Clos't to him—how quick he 'll quit

Whistlin' his “Old—Bob—*White!*”

“*Whoo-rhoo-rhoo!*” he 's up an' flew,

Ist a-purt'-nigh skeerin' you

Into fits!—'At 's what he 'll do.—

“Old—Bob—*White!*”

Wunst our Hired Man an' me,

When we drove to Harmony,

Saw one, whistlin' “Old—Bob—*White!*”

An' we drove *wite clos't*, an' I

Saw him an' he *did n't* fly,—

Birds likes horses, an' that 's why.

“Old—Bob—*White!*”

One time, Uncle Sidney says,

Wunst he rob' a Bob White's nes'

Of the eggs of “Old Bob White”;

## “OLD BOB WHITE”

Nen he hatched 'em wiv a hen  
An' her little chicks, an' nen  
They ist all flewed off again !

“Old—Bob—*White* !”





[1869]

I

ONE OF HIS ANIMAL STORIES

Now, Tudens, you sit on *this* knee—and 'scuse  
It having no side-saddle on ;—and, Jeems,  
You sit on *this*—and don't you wobble so  
And chug my old shins with your coppertoos ;—  
And, all the rest of you, range round someway,—  
Ride on the rockers and hang to the arms  
Of our old-time splint-bottom carryall !—  
Do anything but *squabble* for a place,  
Or push or shove or scrouge, or breathe *out loud*,  
Or chew wet, or knead taffy in my beard !—  
Do *anything* almost—act *anyway*,—  
Only *keep still*, so I can hear myself  
Trying to tell you “just one story more !”

ONE winter afternoon my father, with  
A whistle to our dog, a shout to us—  
His two boys—six and eight years old we were,—  
Started off to the woods, a half a mile  
From home, where he was chopping wood. We raced,

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

We slipped and slid ; reaching, at last, the north  
Side of Tharp's corn-field.—There we struck what  
seemed

To be a coon-track—so we all agreed :  
And father, who was not a hunter, to  
Our glad surprise, proposed we follow it.  
The snow was quite five inches deep ; and we,  
Keen on the trail, were soon far in the woods.  
Our old dog, “Ring,” ran nosing the fresh track  
With whimpering delight, far on ahead.  
After following the trail more than a mile  
To northward, through the thickest winter woods  
We boys had ever seen,—all suddenly  
He seemed to strike *another* trail ; and then  
Our joyful attention was drawn to  
Old “Ring”—leaping to this side, then to that,  
Of a big, hollow, old oak-tree, which had  
Been blown down by a storm some years before.  
There—all at once—out leapt a lean old fox  
From the black hollow of a big bent limb,—  
Hey ! how he scudded !—but with our old “Ring”  
Sharp after him—and father after “Ring”—  
We after father, near as we could hold !  
And father noticed that the fox kept just  
About four feet ahead of “Ring”—just *that*—  
No farther, and no nearer ! Then he said :—  
“There are young foxes in that tree back there,

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

And the mother-fox is drawing 'Ring' and us  
Away from their nest there ! " "Oh, le' 's go back !—  
*Do le' 's go back !*" we little vandals cried,—  
"Le' 's go back, quick, and find the little things—  
*Please, father !—Yes, and take 'em home for pets—*  
*'Cause 'Ring' he 'll kill the old fox anyway !*"  
So father turned at last, and back we went,  
And father chopped a hole in the old tree  
About ten feet below the limb from which  
The old fox ran, and—Bless their little lives !—  
There, in the hollow of the old tree-trunk—  
There, on a bed of warm dry leaves and moss—  
There, snug as any bug in any rug—  
We found—one—two—three—four, and, yes-sir, *five*  
Wee, weenty-teenty baby-foxes, with  
Their eyes just barely opened—*Cute ?—my-oh !—*  
*The cutest—the most cunning little things*  
Two boys ever saw, in all their lives !  
"Raw weather for the little fellows *now !*"  
Said father, as though talking to himself,—  
"Raw weather, and no home *now !*"—And off came  
His warm old "waumus" ; and in that he wrapped  
The helpless little animals, and held  
Them soft and warm against him as he could,—  
And home we happy children followed him.—  
*Old "Ring"* did not reach home till nearly dusk :  
The mother-fox had led him a long chase—

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

“Yes, and a fool’s chase, too !” he seemed to say,  
And looked ashamed to hear us *praising* him.  
But, *mother*—well, we *could not* understand  
*Her* acting as she did—and we so *pleased* !  
I can see yet the look of pained surprise  
And deep compassion of her troubled face  
When father very gently laid his coat,  
With the young foxes in it, on the hearth  
Beside her, as she brightened up the fire.  
She urged—for the old fox’s sake and theirs—  
That they be taken back to the old tree ;  
But father—for *our* wistful sakes, no doubt—  
Said we would keep them, and would try our best  
To raise them. And at once he set about  
Building a snug home for the little things  
Out of an old big bushel-basket, with  
Its fractured handle and its stoven ribs :  
So, lining and padding this all cosily,  
He snuggled in its little tenants, and  
Called in John Wesley Thomas, our hired man,  
And gave him in full charge, with much advice  
Regarding the just care and sustenance of  
Young foxes.—“John,” he said, “you feed ’em *milk*—  
Warm milk, John Wesley ! Yes, and keep ’em by  
*The stove*—and keep your stove *a-roarin’*, too,  
Both night and day !—And keep ’em *covered* up—  
Not *smothered*, John, but snug and comfortable.—



"THE YOUNG FOXES IN IT, ON THE HEARTH BESIDE HER."





## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

And now, John Wesley Thomas, first and last,—  
You feed 'em *milk—fresh* milk—and always *warm*—  
Say five or six or seven times a day—  
Of course we 'll grade that by the way they *thrive*.”  
But, for all sanguine hope, and care, as well,  
The little fellows *did not* thrive at all.—  
Indeed, with *all* our care and vigilance,  
By the third day of their captivity  
The last survivor of the fated five  
Squeaked, like some battered little rubber toy  
Just clean worn out.—And that's just what it was !

And—nights,—the cry of the mother-fox for her  
    young  
Was heard, with awe, for long weeks afterward.  
And we boys, every night, would go to the door  
And, peering out in the darkness, listening,  
Could hear the poor fox in the black bleak woods  
Still calling for her little ones in vain.  
As, all mutely, we returned to the warm fireside,  
Mother would say : “How would you like for *me*  
To be out there, this dark night, in the cold woods,  
Calling for *my* children ?”



II

UNCLE BRIGHTENS UP—

UNCLE he says 'at 'way down in the sea  
Ever'thing 's ist like it *used* to be :—



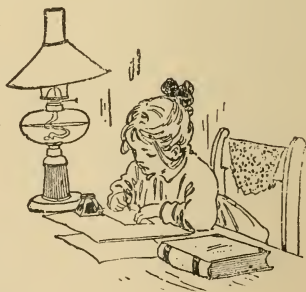
He says they 's mermaids,  
an' mermens, too,  
An' little merchildern, like  
me an' you—  
Little merboys, with tops  
an' balls,

An' little mergirls, with  
little merdolls.

UNCLE SIDNEY 's vurry  
proud

Of little Leslie-Janey,  
'Cause she 's so smart, an'  
goes to school

Clean 'way in Pennsylvany !





"AN' ALL BE POETS AN' ALL RECITE."



## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

She print' an' sent a postul-  
card

To Uncle Sidney, telling  
How glad he 'll be to hear  
that she

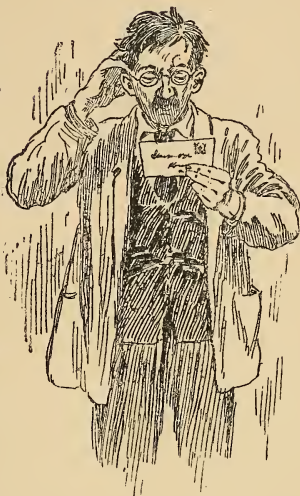
"Toock the onners in Spel-  
ing."

UNCLE he learns us to rhyme  
an' write

An' all be poets an' all re-  
cite :

His little-est poet 's his  
little-est niece,

An' this is her little-est poe-  
try-piece.



DEAR UNCLE SIDNEY  
MISS HARTEN SAYS I AM PROGRESSING  
FINE IN ALL MY STUDIES AND MUST EN-  
COURAGING AND YOU'LL BE PROUD TO HEAR  
I TOOK THE ONNERS IN SPELING.  
RITE SOON AND NO MORE AT PRESENT  
FROM YOUR LOVING NIECE  
EVER CHINE.  
YOUR RESPECTFULLY  
Leslie Davis Wilson

III

SINGS A "WINKY-TOODEN" SONG—



HERE'S a little rhyme  
for the Spring- or  
Summer-time—

An a-ho-winky-too-  
den-an-a-ho !—

Just a little bit o' tune  
you can twitter,  
May or June,

An a-ho-winky-too-  
den-an-a-ho !

It 's a song that soars  
and sings,

As the birds that twang  
their wings

Or the katydids and  
things

Thus and so, don't  
you know,

An a-ho-winky-too-  
den-an-a-ho !

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

It 's a song just broken loose, with no reason or  
excuse—

An a-ho-winky-tooden-an-a-ho !

You can sing along with it—or it matters not a bit—

An a-ho-winky-tooden-an-a-ho !

It 's a lovely little thing

That 'most any one could sing

With a ringle-dingle-ding,

Soft and low, don't you know,

An a-ho-winky-tooden-an-a-ho !





#### IV

### AND MAKES NURSERY RHYMES

#### 1

#### THE DINERS IN THE KITCHEN



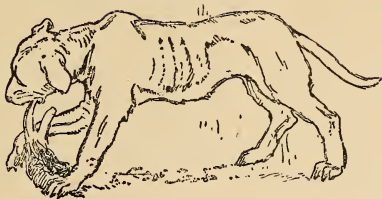
OUR dog Fred  
Et the bread.



Our dog Dash  
Et the hash.



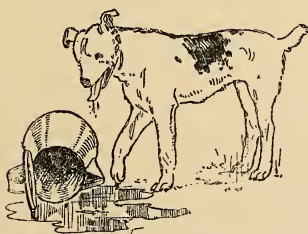
## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY



Our dog Pete  
Et the meat.



Our dog Davy  
Et the gravy.



Our dog Toffy  
Et the coffee.

A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY



Our dog Jake  
Et the cake.



Our dog Trip  
Et the dip.

And—the worst,  
From the first,—



Our dog Fido  
Et the pie-dough.

THE IMPERIOUS ANGLER

MISS MEDAIRY DORY-ANN

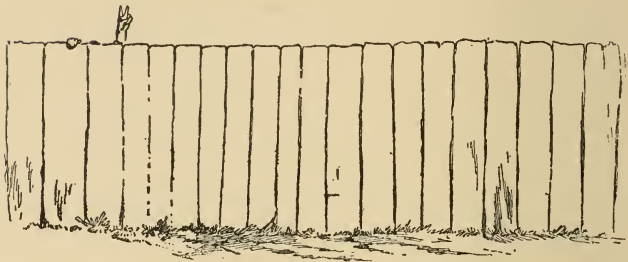
Cast her line and caught a man,



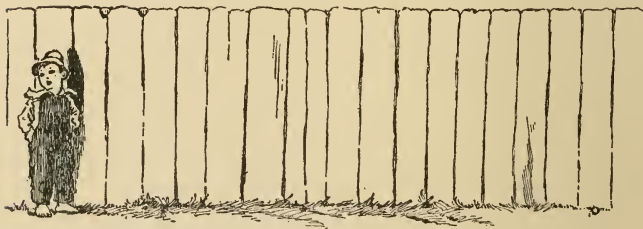
But when he looked so pleased, alack !  
She unhooked and plunked him back.—  
“I never like to catch what I can,”  
Said Miss Medairy Dory-Ann.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

*[Voice from behind high board-fence.]*

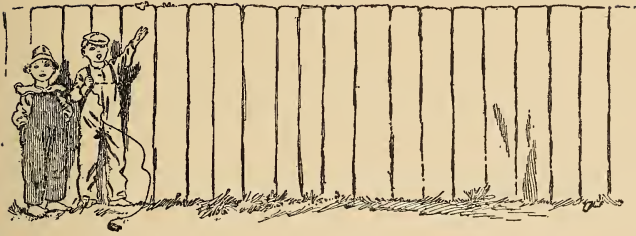


“WHERE ’s the crowd that dares to go  
Where I dare to lead?—you know!”



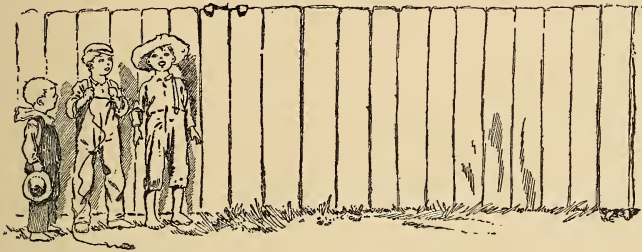
“Well, here ’s one!”  
Shouts Ezry Dunn.

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY



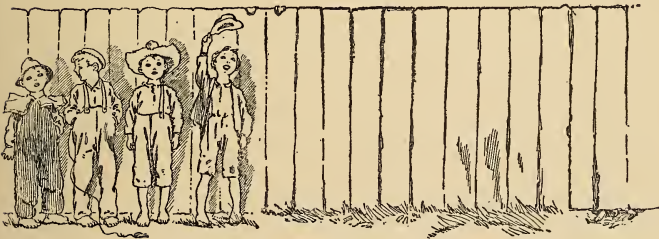
"Count me *two* !"

Yells Cootsy Drew.



"Here 's yer *three* !"

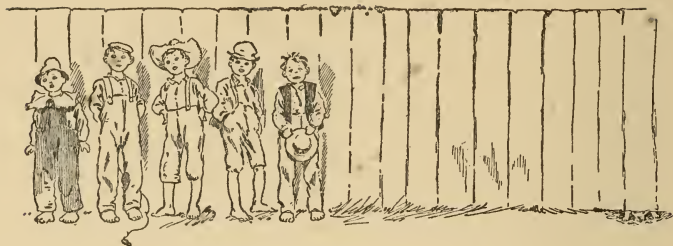
Sings Babe Magee.



"Score me *four* !"

Roars Leech-hole Moore.

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY



"Tally—*five*!"

Howls Jamesy Clive.



"I make *six*!"

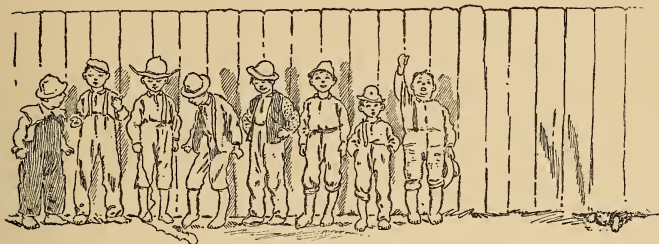
Chirps Herbert Dix.



"Punetchul!—*seven*!"

Pipes Runt Replevin.

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY



"Mark me *eight*!"

Grunts Mealbag Nate.



"I 'm yet *nine*!"

Growls "Lud'rick" Stein.



"Hi! here 's *ten*!"

Whoops Catfish Ben.

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY



“And now we march, in daring line,  
For the banks of Brandywine !”

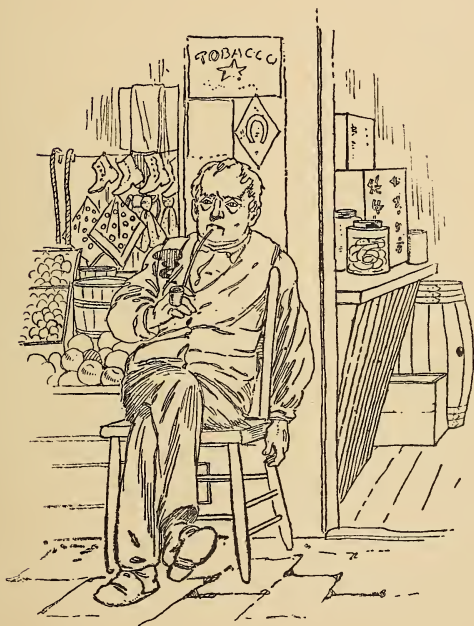


# A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

4

“ IT ”

A WEE little worm in a hickory-nut  
Sang, happy as he could be,—



“O I live in the heart of the whole round world,  
And it all belongs to me !”

[ 127 ]

# A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

5

## THE DARING PRINCE

A DARING prince, of the realm Rangg Dhune,  
Once went up in a big balloon



## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

That caught and stuck on the horns of the moon,  
And he hung up there till next day noon—  
When all at once he exclaimed, “Hoot-toot!”  
And then came down in his parachute.



## A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"



US-FOLKS is purty *pore*—but Ma  
She 's waitin'—two years more—  
tel Pa

He serve his term out. Our Pa  
he—

*He 's in the Penitenchurrie !*

Now don't you never *tell* !—'cause  
*Sis,*

The *baby*, *she* don't know he is.—

'Cause she wuz only four, you  
know,

He kissed her last an' hat to go !

Pa alluz liked Sis best of all

Us childern.—'Spect it 's 'cause she fall

When she 'uz ist a *child*, one day—

An' make her back look thataway.

## A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

Pa—'fore he be a burglar—he 's  
A locksmith, an' maked locks, an' keys,  
An' knobs you pull fer bells to ring,  
An' he could ist make *anything* !—

'Cause our Ma *say* he can !

—*An'* this

Here little pair o' crutches

Sis

Skips round on—Pa maked

*them*—yes-sir !—

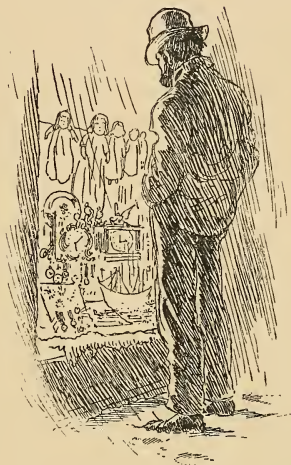
An' silivur-plate-name here  
fer her !

Pa 's out o' work when

Chris'mus come

One time, an' stay away  
from home,

An' 's drunk an' 'buse our Ma, an' swear  
They ain't no "Old Kriss" anywhere !



An' Sis she alluz say they *wuz*

A' Old Kriss—an' she alluz does.

But ef they *is* a' Old Kriss, why,

When 's Chris'mus, Ma she alluz *cry* ?

## A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

This Chris'mus *now*, we live here in  
Where Ma's rent 's alluz due ag'in—  
An' she "*ist slaves*"—I heerd her say  
She did—ist them words thataway!



An' th'other night, when all 's so cold  
An' stove 's 'most out—our Ma she rolled  
Us in th'old feather-bed an' said,  
"To-morry 's Chris'mus—go to bed,

## A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

"An' thank yer blessed stars fer this—  
We don't '*spect* nothin' from Old Kriss!"  
An' cried, an' locked the door, an' prayed,  
An' turned the lamp down. . . . An' I laid

There, thinkin' in the dark ag'in,  
"Ef *wuz* Old Kriss, he can't git in,  
'Cause ain't no chimby here at all—  
Ist old stovepipe stuck frue the wall!"

I slepted nen.—An' wuz dreamin' some  
When I waked up an' morning 's come,—  
Fer our Ma she wuz settin' square  
Straight up in bed, a-readin' there

Some letter 'at she 'd read, an' quit,  
An' nen hold like she 's huggin' it.—  
An' diamon' ear-rings she don't *know*  
Wuz in her ears tel I say so—

An' wake the rest up. An' the sun  
In frue the winder dazzle-un  
Them eyes o' Sis's, wiv a sure-  
Enough gold chain Old Kriss brought to 'er!

## A DUBIOUS "OLD KRISS"

An' *all* of us git gold things!—Sis,  
Though, say she know it "*ain't* Old Kriss—  
He kissed her, so she waked an' saw  
Him skite out—an' it wuz her Pa."







"ALONG THE BRINK OF WILD BROOK-WAYS."

## A SONG OF SINGING

SING ! gangling lad, along the brink  
Of wild brook-ways of shoal and deep,  
Where kildees dip, and cattle drink,  
And glinting little minnows leap !  
Sing ! slimsy lass who trips above  
And sets the foot-log quivering !  
Sing ! bittern, bumble-bee, and dove—  
Sing ! Sing ! Sing !

Sing as you will, O singers all  
Who sing because you *want* to sing!  
Sing ! peacock on the orchard wall,  
Or tree-toad by the trickling spring !  
Sing ! every bird on every bough—  
Sing ! every living, loving thing—  
Sing any song, and anyhow,  
But Sing ! Sing ! Sing !

## THE JAYBIRD

THE Jaybird he 's my favorite  
Of all the birds they is !  
I think he 's quite a stylish sight  
In that blue suit of his :  
An' when he 'lights an' shuts his wings,  
His coat 's a "cutaway"—  
I guess it 's only when he sings  
You 'd know he wuz a jay.

I like to watch him when he 's lit  
In top of any tree,  
'Cause all birds git wite out of it  
When *he* 'lights, an' they see  
How proud he act', an' swell an' spread  
His chest out more an' more,  
An' raise the feathers on his head  
Like it 's cut pompadore !



"I LIKE TO WATCH HIM."



## A BEAR FAMILY

WUNST, 'way West in Illinoise,  
Wuz two Bears an' their two boys :  
An' the two boys' names, you know,  
Wuz—like *ours* is,—Jim an' Jo ;  
An' their *parunts*' names wuz same's  
All big grown-up people's names,—  
Ist *Miz* Bear, the neighbors call  
'Em, an' *Mister* Bear—'at 's all.  
Yes—an' *Miz* Bear scold him, too,  
Ist like grown folks *should n't* do !



Wuz a grea'-big river there,  
An', 'crosst that, 's a moun-  
tain where  
Old Bear said some day  
he 'd go,  
Ef she don't quit scoldin' so !  
So, one day when he been  
down



The river, fishin', 'most to town,  
An' come back 'thout no fish a-tall,  
An' Jim an' Jo they run an' bawl

## A BEAR FAMILY

An' tell their ma their pa hain't fetch'  
No fish,—she scold again an' ketch  
Her old broom up an' biff him, too.—



An' he ist cry, an' say, "*Boo-hoo!*  
*I told you what I 'd do some day!*"  
An' he ist turned an' runned away  
To where 's the grea'-big river there,  
An' ist *splunged* in an' swum to where  
The mountain 's at, 'way th'other side,  
An' clumbed up there. An' Miz Bear *cried*—  
An' little Jo an' little Jim—  
Ist like their ma—bofe cried for him!—  
But he clumbed on, *clean out o' sight*,  
He wuz so mad!—An' served 'em right!



## A BEAR FAMILY

Nen—when the Bear got 'way on top  
The mountain, he heerd somepin' flop  
Its wings—an' somepin' else he heerd  
A-rattlin'-like.—An' he wuz *skeerd*,  
An' looked 'way up, an'—*Mercy sake!*—



It wuz a' Eagul an' a SNAKE!  
An'-sir! the Snake, he bite an' kill'  
The Eagul, an' they bofe fall till  
They strike the ground—*k'spang-k'spat!*—  
Wite where the Bear wuz standin' at!  
An' when here come the Snake at *him*,  
The Bear he think o' little Jim

## A BEAR FAMILY

An' Jo, he did—an' their ma, too,—  
All safe at home ; an' he ist flew  
Back down the mountain—an' could hear  
The old Snake rattlin', sharp an' clear,  
Wite clos't behind !—An' Bear he 's so  
All tired out, by time, you know,  
He git down to the river there,  
He know' he can't *swim* back to where  
His folks is at. But ist wite nen  
He see a boat an' six big men



'At 's been a-shootin' ducks : An' so  
He skeerd them out the boat, you know,  
An' ist jumped in—an' Snake *he* tried  
To jump in, too, but falled outside  
Where all the water wuz ; an' so  
The Bear grabs one the things you row  
The boat wiv an' ist whacks the head  
Of the old Snake an' kills him dead !—

## A BEAR FAMILY

An' when he 's killed him dead, w'y, nen  
*The old Snake 's drowned dead again !*  
Nen Bear set in the boat an' bowed  
His back an' rowed—an' rowed—an' rowed—  
Till he 's safe home—so tired he can't  
Do nothin' but lay there an' pant  
An' tell his childern, "Bresh my coat !"  
An' tell his wife, "Go chain my boat !"  
An' they 're so glad he 's back, they say  
"They *knowed* he 's comin' thataway  
To ist su'prise the dear ones there !"  
An' Jim an' Jo they dried his hair



An' pulled the burrs out ; an' their ma  
She ist set there an' helt his paw  
Till he wuz sound asleep, an' nen  
She tell' him she won't scold again—  
Never—never—never—  
Ferever an' ferever !



I

SONG

[W. S.]

WITH a hey ! and a hi ! and a hey-ho rhyme !

O the shepherd lad

He is ne'er so glad

As when he pipes, in the blossom-time,

So rare !

While Kate picks by, yet looks not there.

So rare ! so rare !

*With a hey ! and a hi ! and a ho !*

*The grasses curdle where the daisies blow !*

With a hey ! and a hi ! and a hey-ho vow !

Then he sips her face

At the sweetest place—

And ho ! how white is the hawthorn now !—

So rare !—

And the daisied world rocks round them there.

So rare ! so rare !

*With a hey ! and a hi ! and a ho !*

*The grasses curdle where the daisies blow !*



"WHILE KATE PICKS BY, YET LOOKS NOT THERE."



II

TO THE CHILD JULIA

[R. H.]

LITTLE Julia, since that we  
May not as our elders be,  
Let us blithely fill the days  
Of our youth with pleasant plays.  
First we 'll up at earliest dawn,  
While as yet the dew is on  
The sooth'd grasses and the pied  
Blossomings of morningtide ;  
Next, with rinsèd cheeks that shine  
As the enamell'd eglantine,  
We will break our fast on bread  
With both cream and honey spread ;  
Then, with many a challenge-call,  
We will romp from house and hall,  
Gypsying with the birds and bees  
Of the green-tress'd garden trees.  
In a bower of leaf and vine  
Thou shalt be a lady fine  
Held in duress by the great  
Giant I shall personate.

## SOME SONGS AFTER MASTER-SINGERS

Next, when many mimics more  
Like to these we have played o'er,





## SOME SONGS AFTER MASTER-SINGERS

We 'll betake us home-along  
Hand in hand at evensong.



### III

#### THE DOLLY'S MOTHER

[w. w.]

A LITTLE MAID, of summers four—  
Did you compute her years,—  
And yet how infinitely more  
To me her age appears :

I mark the sweet child's serious air,  
At her unplayful play,—  
The tiny doll she mothers there  
And lulls to sleep away,

## SOME SONGS AFTER MASTER-SINGERS

Grows—'neath the grave similitude—  
An infant real, to me,  
And *she* a saint of motherhood  
In hale maturity.



So, pausing in my lonely round,  
And all unseen of her,  
I stand uncovered—her profound  
And abject worshipper.



“LEND ME THE BREATH OF A FRESHENING GALE.”



IV

WIND OF THE SEA

[A. T.]

WIND of the Sea, come fill my sail—  
Lend me the breath of a freshening gale  
And bear my port-worn ship away !  
For O the greed of the tedious town—  
The shutters up and the shutters down !  
Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay  
And bear me away !—away !

Whither you bear me, Wind of the Sea,  
Matters never the least to me :  
Give me your fogs, with the sails adrip,  
Or the weltering path thro' the starless night—  
On, somewhere, is a new daylight  
And the cheery glint of an-  
other ship  
As its colors dip and dip !



Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay  
And bear me away !—away !

V

SUBTLETY

[R. B.]

WHILST little Paul, convalescing, was staying  
Close indoors, and his boisterous classmates paying



## SOME SONGS AFTER MASTER-SINGERS

Him visits, with fresh school-notes and surprises,—  
With nettling pride they sprung the word “Athletic,”  
With much advice and urgings sympathetic  
Anent “athletic exercises.” Wise as  
Lad might look, quoth Paul : “I ’ve pondered o’er  
that  
‘Athletic,’ but I mean to take, before that,  
Downstairic and outdooric exercises.”

### VI

#### BORN TO THE PURPLE

[W. M.]

MOST-LIKE it was this kingly lad  
Spake out of the pure joy he had  
In his child-heart of the wee maid  
Whose eerie beauty sudden laid  
A spell upon him, and his words  
Burst as a song of any bird’s :—

A peerless Princess thou shalt be,  
Through wit of love’s rare sorcery :  
To crown the crown of thy gold hair  
Thou shalt have rubies, bleeding there  
Their crimson splendor midst the marred  
Pulp of great pearls, and afterward





Leaking in fainter ruddy stains  
Adown thy neck-and-armlet-chains  
Of turquoise, chrysoprase, and mad  
Light-frenzied diamonds, dartling glad



## SOME SONGS AFTER MASTER-SINGERS

Swift spirts of shine that interfuse  
As though with lucent crystal dew  
That glance and glitter like split rays  
Of sunshine, born of burgeoning Mays  
When the first bee tilts down the lip  
Of the first blossom, and the drip  
Of blended dew and honey heaves  
Him blinded midst the underleaves.  
For raiment, Fays shall weave for thee—  
Out of the phosphor of the sea  
And the frayed floss of starlight, spun  
With counterwarp of the firm sun—  
A vesture of such filmy sheen  
As, through all ages, never queen  
Therewith strove truly to make less  
One fair line of her loveliness.  
Thus gowned and crowned with gems and gold,  
Thou shalt, through centuries untold,  
Rule, ever young and ever fair,  
As now thou rulest, smiling there.

## OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM- WHEEZE

OLD MAN Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze  
Lives 'way up in the leaves o' trees.  
An' wunst I slipped up-stairs to play  
In Aunt's room, while she 'uz away ;  
An' I clumbed up in her cushion-chair  
An' ist peeked out o' the winder there ;  
An' there I saw—wite out in the trees—  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze !

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze  
Would bow an' bow, with the leaves in the breeze,  
An' waggle his whiskers an' raggedly hair,  
An' bow to me in the winder there !  
An' I 'd peek out, an' he 'd peek in  
An' waggle his whiskers an' bow ag'in,  
Ist like the leaves 'u'd wave in the breeze—  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze !



"BOW TO ME IN THE WINDER THERE!"



## WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze,  
Seem-like, says to me : "See my bees  
A-bringin' my dinner? An' see my cup  
O' locus'-blossoms they 've plum' filled up?"  
An' "*Um-yum, honey!*" wuz last he said,  
An' waggled his whiskers an' bowed his head ;  
An' I yells, "Gimme some, won't you, please,  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze?"





## LITTLE-GIRL-TWO-LITTLE-GIRLS

I 'M twins, I guess, 'cause my Ma say  
I 'm two little girls. An' one o' me  
Is *Good* little girl ; an' th'other 'n' she  
Is *Bad* little girl as she can be !  
An' Ma say so, 'most ever' day.

An' she 's the *funniest* Ma ! 'Cause when  
My Doll won't mind, an' I ist cry,  
W'y, nen my Ma she sob an' sigh,  
An' say, "Dear *Good* little girl, good-bye !--  
*Bad* little girl 's comed here again !"

## LITTLE-GIRL-TWO-LITTLE-GIRLS

Last time 'at Ma act' thataway,  
I cried all to myse'f awhile  
Out on the steps, an' nen I smile,  
An' git my Doll all fix' in style,  
An' go in where Ma 's at, an' say :  
*"Morning to you, Mommy dear!  
Where 's that Bad little girl wuz here ?  
Bad little girl 's goned clean away,  
An' Good little girl 's comed back to stay."*



## A GUSTATORY ACHIEVEMENT

LAST Thanksgivin'-dinner we  
Et at Granny's house, an' she







## CLIMATIC SORCERY

WHEN frost 's all on our winder, an' the snow 's  
All out-o'-doors, our "Old-Kriss"-milkman goes  
A-drivin' round, ist purt'-nigh froze to death,  
With his old white mustache froze full o' breath.

But when it 's summer an' all warm ag'in,  
He comes a-whistlin' an' a-drivin' in  
Our alley, 'thout no coat on, ner ain't cold,  
Ner his mustache ain't white, ner he ain't old.



## A PARENT REPRIMANDED

SOMETIMES I think 'at Parunts does  
Things ist about as bad as *us*—



## A PARENT REPRIMANDED

Wite 'fore our vurry eyes, at that !  
Fer one time Pa he scold' my Ma  
'Cause he can't find his hat ;  
An' she ist *cried*, she did ! An' I  
Says, "Ef you scold my Ma  
Ever again an' make her cry,  
W'y, you sha'n't *be* my Pa !"  
An' nen he laugh' an' find his hat  
Ist wite where Ma she said it 's at !





“THE CHILDISH DREAMS IN HIS WISE OLD HEAD.”

## THE TREASURE OF THE WISE MAN

O THE NIGHT was dark and the night was late,  
And the robbers came to rob him ;  
And they picked the locks of his palace-gate,  
The robbers that came to rob him—  
They picked the locks of his palace-gate,  
Seized his jewels and gems of state,  
His coffers of gold and his priceless plate,—  
The robbers that came to rob him.

But loud laughed he in the morning red !—  
For of what had the robbers robbed him ?—  
Ho ! hidden safe, as he slept in bed,  
When the robbers came to rob him,—  
They robbed him not of a golden shred  
Of the childish dreams in his wise old head—  
“And they ’re welcome to all things else,” he said,  
When the robbers came to rob him.





K  
D





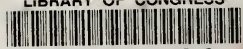
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper pro  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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